



Impressions of Infants' Books

IT was with a certain happy expectation of perhaps finding the unexpected that I went to the Library exhibition of children's books the other day. At the last exhibit, which was of mediaeval manuscripts, I met a quaint little gentleman who was devoting several years of his life to the illuminating of his own poetry. But the other day I found the museum deserted.

Now I have never been able to determine from what case these exhibits start; and even if I ever found out I have no doubt but the intricate arrangement of the direction arrows would prove altogether too confusing for me. I usually drift about aimlessly for a few rounds and then fasten upon one case.

The other day it was the old-fashioned books that I first settled on. Though they were of a period before my own youth some of them had lingered on into my time. And the recollection of them brought a much more tender reminder of childhood to me than do the jarring whimsicalities of the young barbarians of my acquaintance. Not that "the pretty poems of Little Tommy Lovechild aged nine years and priced at one penny" were the delights of my childhood days. Though I have no doubt it was a fascinating little book with its cover engraving of little Tommy reading his own poems with what certainly appears to be a smug satisfaction. Nor was the epic of Crazy Jane one of the moulders of my juvenile mind. But books like these had been mine in my early life and the other day it was with a dreamy quietness that I lingered over this case for a time. I could find no book that I remembered ever having read though the illustrations all seemed very familiar. They were tiny illustrations in black and white and done with that wealth of detail which children love.

Soon I went on to look at the modern books. They were beautifully ornate and artistically beautiful books; large books with gorgeous illustrations. Better coloring, printing and, I expect, writing had gone into these expensive modern books than into the old-fashioned ones. These modern fairy and wonder tales were more delicately fanciful than the crude old bits of doggerel, and yet when considered from the child's point of view the old-fashioned things seem preferable. For the child would prefer the tiny detailed illustrations to large startling effects of color, and he would prefer the crude melodramatic doggerel to the highly fanciful and tediously romantic modern fairy story. The modern children's books were full of lifeless fancies about fairies while the old-fashioned ones went into elaborate details about the burial of a robin; realizing that children are great lovers of small details and that as far as mystery goes there is none so great as death. I can remember as a child taking great delight in funerals particularly when they happened to be soldiers'.

I think that we have a great deal of proof that children love realism. Before he is ten years old every English speaking man who has been properly matured reads Gulliver's Travels. He does not read it for its diabolically clever satire; nor for its clear-cut crudities (these have been carefully expurgated in children's editions.) He reads it, and likes it too, because of its realism.

—W. G. T.

To One Who is in France

WE cramped his body in a space
Of box that did him little grace
And looked last on his tired young face;
Then lowered him slowly.

Spent lad that lies as weakest clay
Strong lad and brave of yesterday,
Your pride had all too swift decay,
And lies too lowly...

Christ's simple cross above your head
Says more than all that may be said,
Great-hearted giver, young and dead,
God keep you, wholly.

— W. H.

Australian State Enterprises

by Dr. H. Heaton,

University of Adelaide, South Australia.

AUSTRALIA has attracted the attention of economists and social reformers by its experiments—sometimes novel—in the field of State ownership and control.

While economic activity is predominantly in the hands of private enterprise, the State has assumed power to fix the minimum rates of wages which are to be paid to all employees, men and women alike, and the principle of the living wage governs the rate of remuneration for even such workers as musicians, actors, teachers, and civil servants. By the imposition of progressively graded taxes on the unimproved value of land attempts have been made to secure for the public purse some of the unearned increment of land values, as well as to make it unprofitable for large landowners to keep big estates idle or under-utilized.

In the very earliest days of British settlement the governing authorities were compelled to set up factories or farms, in order to supply the wants of the infant community. As free settlers came, private enterprise developed, but with the grant of self-government in the fifties it was apparent that the State must play a more active part in the economic development of the country than was the case in North America. Hence State enterprises were inaugurated, not in obedience to the urge of Socialist theory, but simply because of the character of the country and the circumstances of settlement.

The motives were mixed. Some tasks private enterprise could not or would not, tackle because of the large capital outlay, the big risks, and the slow returns. For instance, Australia could not get privately owned railways. Its governments were unwilling to offer subsidies, or big land grants as was done in North America, and British capital therefore was loath to build the lines. But the capitalists were willing to lend the governments the money, and so the railways were built by the State, and over half the national debt—apart from the war debt—represents the loan capital expended on railroad construction.

Sometimes the State has stepped in and taken over a venture when private enterprise failed, e.g. the big hydro-electric scheme in Tasmania. Then again, the State has been driven to act in order to cope with some emergency, as for instance, when the Federal Government bought a fleet of cargo boats in 1916 to help in moving Australian land and mine pro-

ducts to Europe. In settling returned soldiers, as well as civilians, it was necessary to purchase lands, build irrigation works, establish credit facilities, construct houses, and generally assist in production, transport, finance, and marketing.

Some recent state enterprises have been set up in order to compete with monopolies and combinations. Such obvious monopolies as telegraph and telephones, water supply light and power, are usually publicly owned, but with the elimination of competition from many industries and services, e.g. inter-state and overseas shipping, banking, some vital marketing, etc., the State has come in to reduce prices by setting up services of its own.

Other enterprises aim at development and at aiding the primary producer, e.g. State batteries on mining fields, agricultural implement works, rural credit banks, produce depots, butter factories, and the like. Others are merely instances of integration, e.g. dockyards for building and repairing battleships, textile factories for making cloth for uniforms, ammunition and small arms works, railroad engine and carriage works, printing offices, etc.

Finally, since the rise of the Labour Party in the nineties of last century some State efforts have been made on the Socialistic principle that the State should manufacture trade, transport, and control finance wherever possible.

Hence today the State operates over a large field. The railways are the big example. Out of 26,000 miles of lines only 2,000 is privately owned: \$1,200,000,000 has been spent on capital account, and 100,000 men are employed. In addition we have a unified post telegraph, and telephone system, the Commonwealth Bank—which now controls the rate issue for the whole continent, the Commonwealth shipping line which operates passenger steamers between England and Australia, and cargo fleet going elsewhere over every sea. In all, the total capital value of the public enterprises is probably \$3,000,000,000, and 250,000 men—about one in ten of the total working population—are on the public pay-roll.

State enterprise may solve some problems, but it creates others, almost as difficult. For instance, what is the best administrative unit? Political divisions are arbitrary, and economic units may cut across them, demanding a re-drawing of bound-

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A New Novel by Hergesheimer

Balisand: by Joseph Hergesheimer, published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. \$2.50

JOSEPH Hergesheimer, the American stylist, after a lapse of several years has placed before the public another novel. It falls far short of "The Three Black Pennys" and "Java Head"; nevertheless no student of contemporary literature can well afford to ignore "Balisand."

The tale in "Balisand" concerns itself with a Virginian aristocrat, a descendant of one of the numerous cavalier families which after the unfortunate events of the year 1644 found it advisable to settle in America. Richard Bale of Balisand—thus the sonorous appellation of the hero—fought in the several campaigns of the American War of Independence under General George Washington. He was an exponent of the best traditions of the degenerate English gentry of the colony of Virginia—horse racing, playing at hazard, drinking rum and lime toddy and upholding the rigorous code of the institution of the duel.

"Balisand" is the tragedy of one who could not adjust himself to the changed conditions of his social environment. Richard Bale is representative of the large class of Virginian land-owners who would have remained much happier, had they adopted the policy of supporting the Mother Country at the time of the difficulties over taxation without representation and imperial preference. Their spirit was essentially blue-blooded, and it was only by a temporary accident of politics that the Virginian noblemen adhered to the cause of liberty, equality, and fraternity. After the war they found themselves opposed by mobs drunk with French political ideas.

The real tragedy in the life of Richard Bale of Balisand, there, is this: He was born in a world which held that the great land-owners were, and by divine right should be the gods of the destinies of men and of things—a world which considered military force, particularly in the hands of the cavalry, something to revere and obey. He passed his last years in a generation which had no respect for the army and the land-owners. The age of industrialism and a semi-popular government by demagogues had come. Newspaper vituperative had taken the place of the duel, and the lecture hall had supplanted the tavern. To these changes Bale had remained consistently impervious.

The seeker for romance in the commonplace sense of the word can find it in plenty in "Balisand." Richard Bale's complicated love affairs may interest many. And there are certain obsessions from which Mr. Hergesheimer never entirely escapes. He is at his best, however, when he has saturated himself in some definite period of the past—Salem just before the fall of its maritime greatness, Pennsylvania when iron was becoming an industry, and now Virginia at the meeting of two epochs—and to put it before us with incomparable vividness. That is why Balisand may possibly be placed along with "The Three Black Pennys" and "Java Head."

—Allan B. Latham.

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Creative Criticism

CRITICISM is an art which many people consider needs an apology. Criticism, it is affirmed, is ill-natured and fault finding; it savours too much of the arm chair and not enough of action; it engages in petty gossip and lays down rules for the creation of masterpieces instead of creating masterpieces itself; it strives to tell the artist how to go about his business, and is an overflowing of the superiority complex; it sets up arbitrary standards, robbing the reader of independence of judgment. These are some of the charges which are commonly levelled against criticism. It was these reasons which led Laurence Sterne to exclaim, "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." They can all be summed up in the charge that criticism, although it may profess to be so, is not creative. In the sense that art is a criticism of life, criticism of art is a poor thing, twice removed from reality. The critic would be better employed if, instead of distributing praise or blame, he were to apply his precepts to creative effort.

These charges are preferred more frequently against criticism of style and form, of manner rather than matter, for a criticism of context and ideas must of necessity go further than praise or censure, must supplement the ideas criticised with new or other ideas, and to that extent, be in itself creative.

It must be admitted, however, that the words "creative" and "destructive" when applied to criticism are little better than tags, more vague and meaningless than those other ubiquitous words "classic" and "romantic." "Destructive" criticism is held to be a term of reproach, and is used erroneously to designate any adverse criticism. "Creative" criticism is—well, Anatole France, Pater, Sainte-Beuve.

But these conceptions of criticism are far removed from truth, and were they not so we should certainly not have ventured to move pen across paper in criticism of the meanest little book fresh from the press. There is in reality no such thing as "destructive" criticism, for no criticism can destroy anything that has more truth and beauty than its critique. Art is the reaction of the artist to life, and is itself one aspect of life; criticism is the reaction of the critic to this aspect of living, and all criticism which has the merit of honesty is in this sense creative.

The critic has as much right to set forth his reaction towards art as the artist to set forth his towards life. They are both essentially of the same nature, and each is as much, or as little, creative as the others.

The Lit

THE news that the executive of the Literary and Debating Society has decided to give more attention this year to literary topics will be warmly welcomed by those who have felt that the Lit had in the past been in danger of becoming solely a debating society. Now, however, it has been announced that a series of meetings will be held in the near future at which papers on literary topics will be presented by undergraduates. This is undoubtedly one of the best ways of stimulating an interest in literature and a love of letters, and the new policy of the Lit is one which deserves the fullest measure of support from all students interested in literature. The date of the first meeting has been announced as November 12th, and two prominent undergraduates have agreed to present papers. At the conclusion of the readings discussion will follow. We do not doubt that the undertaking will be given the large measure of student support which it certainly deserves.

Note

WE are glad to be able to give our readers an article from the pen of so distinguished an economist as Dr. H. Heaton, of the University of Adelaide, South Australia. The topic which he has chosen is one of boundless interest to Canadian students, and one on which Dr. Heaton is an authority.

It has never been our policy to limit ourselves solely to literary topics, and we hope from time to time to devote space to scientific and political subjects as well as to as music, art, and literature.

The Low-brow Arts

Otto Klineberg

*The 7 Lively Arts, by Gilbert Seldes
—Harper and Brothers. New York
and London.*

THIS is an extremely interesting and, in many ways, a very provoking book. Mr. Seldes has given us a serious treatment of some things which we have always refused to take seriously. He is a Critic of the lively arts rather than the serious ones, of the moving picture and the popular song rather than of Literature and the Drama. He writes of Charlie Chaplin with as much respect and admiration as any reviewer ever lavished on John Barrymore or Martin Harvey. He speaks with bated breath of Al Jolson and Fanny Brice, of Ring Lardner and Joe Cook, of "Say It With Music" and Krazy Kat. These represent the high spots in the contribution which America has made and is making to the Art of our generation.

It by no means follows, according to Mr. Seldes, that therefore the American contribution is cheap or insignificant.

No one has ever proved that it is more honourable or more important to cry than to laugh. Tragedy is not necessarily superior to Comedy, nor seriousness to burlesque. The general opinion to the contrary need not guide the pen of every writer upon artistic topics. Mr. Seldes assumes very legitimately that the light and lively arts, the arts that make millions of people happy, that sweep away their troubles in a gale of laughter, that make them joyous and carefree even for a moment, have a very real place under the sun. But if they are to occupy their proper place, and fulfill their proper function, they too must be aided by the critical appreciation which the serious arts have always enjoyed. It is just such a critical appreciation which Mr. Seldes supplies.

The moving picture is not regarded as the rival of the legitimate stage in the production of serious drama; its business is rather to make the people laugh. Its intense preoccupation with "heart interest" stories, with sad-eyed mothers breaking their hearts over wayward sons, or soulful young heroines guiding reluctant criminals along the road to goodness and virtue, is due to a misunderstanding by the movie magnates of the character of their vehicle. Mack Sennett, not Cecil B. de Mille, pointed to the direction in which the movies should go. Charlie Chaplin is the greatest of all movie heroes, "the man who, of all the men of our time, seems most assured of immortality." The slap-stick comedy, with its impromptus, its incongruities, its delicious satire upon convention and sentimentality, is the only real moving picture deserving of the name. There is one exception, the feature spectacle, where the film offers opportunity for the creation of sights and scenes which would otherwise be impossible. Apart from this Chaplin is God, and Gilbert Seldes is his prophet.

In the realm of song, Seldes similarly turns up his nose at the sentimental in favor of the ironic and the gay. "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," "The Curse of an Aching Heart", and other ditties which many of us were guilty of singing in our younger days, he consigns to everlasting oblivion or eternal damnation; he doesn't much care which. He grows particularly caustic about an old popular song, the chorus of which went something like this,—"

"My Mother was a Lady
Like yours, you will allow,
And you may have a sister
Who needs protection now;
I've come to this great city
To find a brother dear,
And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir,
If Jack were only here."

Yet it is songs like these which conquer worlds and draw box-office receipts. The brokendown prima donna singing "The End of a Perfect Day" or "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven" always roused her audience to enthusiasm whenever I had the misfortune to hear her. Mr. Seldes looks in other directions for his entertainment, and finds it in the songs and jazz-tunes of Irving Berlin, the syncopation of Vincent Lopez and Paul Whiteman, the humour and the genius of Al Jolson. For the last-named he has the highest praise. "To have heard Al Jolson sing 'Swanee' is to have had one of the few great experiences which the minor arts are capable of giving; to have heard it without feeling something obscure and powerful and rich with a separate life of its own coming into being, is—I should say it is not to be alive."

Mr. Seldes skips merrily through the other lively arts. His review of the Revue, its origins and its history, is full of interesting details, and yields the palm to the Ziegfeld Follies and the Ziegfeld type of musical show for the best combination and the best use of available elements. Of the Negro musical show he writes "one feels that the show is a continuous wild cry and an uninterrupted joyous rage, that the 'elan vital' is inexhaustible and unbridled and enormously good." The humorous (so-called) columns of Ring Lardner and Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), and the more serious columns of F. P. A., Heywood Brown and others, come in for thorough, though not always understandable criticism. So on through Vaudeville, Burlesque, the Circus, Dancing, and the Comic Strip.

Dancing, according to Mr. Seldes, is meant to be danced, not to be looked at. Apparently this dictum refers only to certain types of dancing, for Mr. Seldes is not above deriving enjoyment from the acrobatics and eccentricities of Johnny Dooley or George M. Cohan. What is usually called Classical dancing he dismisses, quite unjustifiably, as a contradiction in terms, because it is an art of professionals, and can not be danced by ordinary people. For ball-room dancing he has a few words of praise, and also this choice morsel which will come to many of us as a pleasing corroboration of a firm conviction. "The cheek-to-cheek position—the bete-noire of chaperons a few weeks, or it is years, ago?—is fundamentally not objectionable, since it brings two dancers to as near a unit, with the same centre of gravity, as the dance requires." Verily, a Daniel come to judgment!

Perhaps the most entertaining, because the most novel, portion of the book consists of a serious criticism of the "vulgar" comic strip, the Funny Paper of our Comic Sunday Supplements, the delight of all children and some grown-ups. To the best of my knowledge this is the first time the Comic Strip has ever been treated as an art, even a minor one, or its creators as artists. Mr. Seldes sees in it nothing less than "a changing picture of American life", at once a satire and a corrective of everyday conceptions upon all topics. He gives us an interesting account of the history of its development, of the rise and fall of "The Katzenjammer Kids", "Happy Hooligan", "Mutt and Jeff",

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Dumas Drama By Porte St. Martin Players

LA Dame Aux Camellias, by the younger Dumas, has been a favourite with French playgoers ever since the Divine Sarah thrilled her audiences with her vivid interpretation of the title role. Some of us may be fortunate enough to remember Bernhardt as Marguerite Gauthier, the girl who sends away the man she loves so that his happiness and the happiness of his people may not be endangered through association with her. My recollection goes back only as far as Bernhardt's last visit, when she was no longer able to play the part through, and when we had to be content with just the last act, in which Marguerite meets Armand again only to die in his arms. There was little left of Bernhardt then but her voice, a tender, golden voice that one could never forget, a precious reminder of her former glory.

Comparisons, even if they were possible, would be pointless and unjust. Taken on its own merits, the performance by the Orpheum players is nothing less than a triumph, of which Mme. Clervanne as Marguerite easily deserves the greatest share. She gives an admirable reading of a role which requires emotional acting of a very high order, and which can so easily be marred by anything short of an intelligent understanding of all that it involves. There are few light moments for her in the play. She is all tenderness and passion in her scenes with Armand, and she is tragedy itself in her great moment of renunciation. At the end, spent with illness and with suffering, she finds her lover again, and all her love returns to fill her with new life and hope for the future. She dies, happy in the belief that life for her is just beginning. Mme. Clervanne is superb in these last moments.

M. Pierre Magnier plays the lover, Armand Duval, bringing to the role that skill and understanding which mark all of his work. His rich voice is used to excellent advantage, and he is a charming lover, jealous but devoted, broken in spirit when Marguerite leaves him, a tragic figure, finding his love only to lose her again.

M. Jean Duval is the father, lending to a minor role a fine dignity and a sympathetic appreciation. He is excellent in his scene with Marguerite, pleading with her to leave Armand and to safeguard the happiness of Armand's young sister, whose marriage into a noble family is being prevented by Armand's association with a woman like Marguerite. The other members of the company are, as usual, quite adequate to the demands made upon them.

As for the play itself, there will be many who will label it as absurdly melo-dramatic, far-fetched and unconvincing. Certainly it is not a masterpiece, but it has dramatic values and a number of tense situations which lend themselves to emotional interpretation of a very stirring kind. The Orpheum players succeed in creating an illusion of reality which makes the play live, and which keeps the audience keenly awake to all developments until the final curtain.

We are promised "L'Aiglon" and a repetition of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the very near future. The announcement is a very welcome one. "La Dame Aux Camellias" will be repeated this evening and to-morrow afternoon. The rest of the week, "Montmartre," by Pierre Frondaie.

O. K.

The Realm of Music

Vladimir de Pachman

LAST night the great old master of the piano, de Pachmann, gave his farewell recital in Windsor Hall before a large and enthusiastic audience. Notwithstanding the man's age, he is nearly eighty years old, he plays today with all the freshness of youth. I have heard him many times and each of his recitals is more perfect than the one before. His style and his technique have become more polished with the passing of the years and his interpretations have mellowed like old wine that has been kept for over a generation.

The master has many peculiarities for which some of his listeners cannot forgive him. He talks continually to himself and to his audience throughout the programme—explaining his style in a passage—criticizing another—and making humorous remarks that keep the first few rows in a state of suppressed giggles. Of course, we do sometimes wish he would forget these absurd eccentricities which seem to the average person rather a sign of advanced age than acquired mannerism.

He began his programme with the Bach concerto in E major, distinguished for beauty of phrasing. Especially notable was the final movement which he played with brilliance and a startling purity of tone. This was followed by the Fantasia of Mozart.

However, it was in the Chopin group that his wonderful playing excelled. There is no doubt that he is the greatest living exponent of Chopin. It was a delight to hear the simple pieces he chose not often heard on the concert stage. The E Minor Nocturne was entrancingly exquisite. Someone said that when de Pachmann played he lived in a kingdom of his imagination. This was quite obviously the case throughout the Chopin numbers. The Valse op. 64, C sharp minor was played as it is seldom played even by the great Paderewski himself. The notes fell like sparks from an anvil all over the piano. Then came three Preludes op. 28 nos. 2, 6, and 11 all beautiful especially the last which he repeated. The Mazurka op. 30, no. 2 followed with its second movement which is almost a Polonaise and then as a climax came the E major Scherzo—brilliant, with a tone that fairly sang. As encores he played the F sharp Impromptu and the "minute" valse. He gave the most astonishing rendering of this gem that has ever been heard here.

The third group began with that very difficult Schumann Nocturne op. 23 no. 3. The Liszt Eclogue was tender and beautiful. De Pachmann again up among the stars and playing with subtlety, scales smooth as velvet.

The programme ended with the first Brahms's Rhapsodie, scintillating and delightful. He played it with dash and verve. Throughout the whole recital his technique was remarkable. Extraordinarily so when one considers his age. He has a peculiar lightness of tone like the rustling of autumn leaves that left one almost breathless. All one can say is that his playing is divine. Always I think we shall remember his music.

—W. S.

The Sistine Choir

AN historic opportunity to hear a repertoire of alluring diversity sung by matchless vocalists.

So says the picturesque libretto-program which the untruthful attendant at the door will sell to innocents who believe him when he says that no programs are given inside.

The first part of their program

consisted in choir music of a religious character, wisely substituted for the solo opera music which stood there in its stead. There was absolute evenness and smoothness in their performance; and the effects they produced were so void of undue stressing of one or several voices that one might easily imagine an organ to be playing. This was most in evidence in the diminuendo passages where there was not a break in the tone till the close. But the music lacked color—due perhaps to faulty arrangement. There was no skillful counterpoint and use of the different voices in canon that makes ensemble singing so effective.

In the second half of the program the soloists made up for any dryness in the first half, by combining dramatics and comedy with opera. They suddenly appeared in full dress after the intermission, a rather startling change from the purple and white choir robes worn in the first part. The audience relaxed and when Signor Burani started with the rousing "Toreador Song" from "Carmen" there was a visible stir. Signor Ruffini, a dramatic tenor, who sang a mournful air from "Andrea Chenier" and two mournful encores followed after Burani's encore. Signors Facchini and Belli were the best on the program in the duet from the first act of "Faust." Signor Belli gave some realistic impressions of Mephistopheles which would have made even Journet envious—besides Signor Belli is more villainous-looking than Mr. Journet, giving him an unfair advantage.

Signor Auchner, baritone, rendered a song from one of Donizetti's operas and Signor Paganelli whose voice reminds one of Martinelli's in its rich sweetness gave the ever-popular "La donna e mobile" from "Rigoletto" as an encore to the air from Flotow's "Martha." They all joined in the Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhauser," but here the lack of orchestral accompaniment was felt, for one listened in vain for the "oily violin octaves" that make the Overture so famous. As an encore Signor Facchini sang the spirited "Funiculi, Funicula" putting the audience in good humor especially since a good background was provided by the rest of the singers who formed into groups and acted, at which sport Mr. Belli immortalized himself by pinching his brother's cheek, kneeling down to him and making grimaces at the audience.

Maestro Tironi's accompaniments were weak and mediocre. Moreover the piano was manifestly out of place in the first part of the program; and no very dignified effect was produced by Master Tironi's playing the final chord of the accompaniment with one hand and making a downward sweep of his other hand to signal the singers to cease.—S.F.

Roland Hayes

THE recital by Roland Hayes at the St. Denis Theatre on Friday evening was a real musical treat. Mr. Hayes has a beautiful voice, which he uses with ease and skill, and which has a rich and lovely quality excellently suited to a lyric programme. He has some difficulty with music of a more dramatic and robust character, but in the quieter and gentler songs his voice is a genuine delight.

The most interesting part of his programme was undoubtedly the Negro spirituals which, Mr. Hayes told us, had nothing to do with Jazz or comic songs, but were the classics of the music of his people. They represent the spiritual longing of the Negro, his religious hope and faith. Mr.

Keith Vaudeville Of High Calibre Shown this Week

THE more one goes to the Princess during the present season the more one wonders how Mr. Keith manages to find star act after star act, almost without end. In truth the source must be vigorous and all-maryellous for with the passing of the weeks the boards at the local vaudeville house continue to carry jovial comedians; clever musicians, both of the classical and popular varieties; athletes possessing plenty of versatility; and scintillating dancers, who flash across the stage with a great deal of brilliancy and skill.

And this week's bill is no exception, for every act possesses decided merits of a wide range of appeal. We are in no mood at present to try to pick the star because the quality from beginning to end remains at a consistently high level. The opener, Ferry Conway in a comical musical act, ushers in a series of fine acts and though the various artists appeal to the audience by diverse methods and devious means, they are all successful in obtaining pleasingly excellent results. Stanelli and Douglas, both possessors of an English accent, do tricks on violins, but lapse long enough to show that they can really play good music. Harry Kahne writes backwards, upside down, backwards and upside down and backwards, while conversing with the audience and while doing mental arithmetic, undergoing a mental strain sufficient to send the average undergraduate completely into Verdun and out the other door. Neville Fleeson and Ann Greenway feature a musical satire on "Rain", along with songs slightly ancient and completely modern, while light comedy, of the collegiate flavour, is supplied by Wm. Newell and Elsa Most. Spanish dances, in all the glory of colour and the beauty of artistic action, are given by the Cansinos, who by the way are exceptionally well worth seeing, and the bill is concluded by Walter Brower, in humour and some near-humour, and the Kismet Sisters and Company, who do the stunts usually allotted to the men of mighty muscles and huge chests. And they do their work as neatly and as surely as the sterner sex.

Captain "Bones" Little, and his co-stars are seen in action against Queen's on the silver-sheet, picturing the last game here ten days ago.

S. R.

Hayes sang four spirituals, adding the old favourite "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See" in response to persistent demands for more. It is a great pity that we did not get still more, as Mr. Hayes is probably the only outstanding singer who includes these on his programme, and they are easily beautiful enough to bear more frequent repetition.

The programme included French and English songs, a concert aria, "Per Pieta, non ricercate" by Mozart, an interesting interpretation of the dream song from "Manon," and Handel's beautiful "If you would a Maiden Conquer." This last number, given as an encore to the Mozart aria, was one of the finest things on the programme, and was sung with a tenderness and a sweetness which have rarely been surpassed.

Mr. William Lawrence, who accompanied, deserves more than a word of praise. He contributed in no small measure to the audience's very great pleasure in an excellent concert.

—O.K.

Conrad Again

"The Nature of a Crime" by Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford (F. M. Hueffer), New York, Doubleday, Page and Company, \$2.50.

THIS short tale of ninety-four pages of large print was written many years ago in the days when the English Review was founded, but was apparently not regarded with much favour by its authors, and was not published at the time. Last year it appeared in two instalments in The Transatlantic Review, edited by Ford Madox Ford. Published now in book form it is enriched by the addition of an appendix and of a preface by each of the collaborators. The appendix, to those who have read that wonderful novel by the same collaborators called "Romance" is undoubtedly the most interesting part of the present volume, giving, as it does, an explanation of what long has exercised critics and readers alike—what and how much of that superb adventure story was the work of Joseph Conrad, and to what extent was he aided by Ford Madox Hueffer.

The story is in its very nature fragmentary, a tale in which more is suggested than is said, and more left untold than told. It is an analytical self examination of the mind of a criminal on the eve of the discovery of his crime, the eve of his intended suicide. It takes the form of a letter to the woman, for whom the extent of the writer's illicit love is not very clearly indicated. She is, we gather, separated from her husband, who is a slave to drugs. Her lover, however, is a man in whom the intellect is everything, and he seems content that she should be his to the extent of sharing their thoughts alone. The crime of which the nameless ego who writes on the eve of disaster and death has been guilty is described in a few words. "You know my connection," he writes. "With the great Burden fortune. I was trustee under my friend Alexander Burden's will. I gambled with a determined recklessness, with closed eyes. You understand now the origin of my houses, of my collections, of my reputation, of my taste for magnificence. Now the fall has come. Edward Burden is going to be married. I must pay back what I have borrowed from the Trust. I cannot. Therefore I am dead." Disgrace has no meaning for the man who is writing, but the prospect of prison is intolerable, death is an escape. He is a man in whose nature it has always been to anticipate a touch on the shoulder, to which his only answer could be an act of defiance.

The letter which he writes to the one being beside himself in whose reality he has any faith is a subtle and uncannily inhuman analysis of an abnormal mentality. The man, as Conrad noted in his preface, is singularly a creature of the period of his creation—an unscrupulous high-minded, cultivated, jouisseur delighting in the little blue flower of sentiment. The shadowy woman of his intellectual passion, like Rita of "The Arrow of Gold" is of all time, "the loved Woman of the first cry that broke the silence and of the last song that shall mark the end of this ingenious world to which love and suffering have been given, but which has in the course of ages invented for itself all the virtues and all the crimes."

The tale ends abruptly on an unfinished chord. The certainty of dis-

Australian State Enterprises

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aries. Is the doctrine of ministerial responsibility to be retained, with its inevitable centralization of authority and consequent circumlocution? How far can political influences be allowed to interfere, with their resultant vote-catching spoils to the victors, squander mania, and the pulling of strings in the interests of some person, party, section, district, or class. Satisfactory answers to these questions have not always been found, but the trend is towards keeping the control of broad policy in the hands of Parliament, while handing over all matters of administration, detail, and the handling of the labour supply to independent commissioners who are—*theoretically*, at least—free from political control.

The problem of the public employee is even more difficult in a democratic community. How shall employees be chosen, promoted, paid? Political pull is eliminated by putting recruitment into the hands of an independent board; seniority is giving place to tested merit in promotion, and remuneration is now decided more and more by special tribunals or by the courts set up to regulate the wages of employees in private firms. There is still much confusion concerning the civil rights of the public servant, and while governments are shy of depriving employees of all rights, the civil servant has to recognize that his peculiar position carries with it some disabilities which reduce the fullness of his citizenship.

As for results, some State enterprises—like some private ones—"pay" and others do not. The Commonwealth Bank has been very successful. The railways vary in quality and result. Overhead charges are necessarily high in a sparsely settled country, and the lines barely pay interest on the capital. But that is inevitable in a new country, and on the whole the Australian railroads compare well, in service, fares, freights, and comfort with those of Canada. There is no sacred infallibility about State enterprise: when it is good it's very very good, and when it is bad it is horrid as French State tobacco and matches. The further extension of State effort depends partly upon the future of the Labour Party: also it depends on the policy of private enterprise. Australia has passed into the phase of combination; and if Australian rings and monopolies use their power to exploit the consumer, public opinion will demand protection by the extension of State enterprise.

REASON HAS MOONS

Reason has moons, but moons not hers

Lie mirror'd on her sea,
Confounding her astronomers,
But Oh, delighting me.

Ralph Hodgson

covery is suddenly removed. The crime will go undetected. But already the confession has been mailed to the beloved woman, and in a hasty postscript the criminal and lover places before her two definite alternatives: she will be his to the extent of sharing their inmost thoughts and he will put the Burden estate absolutely clear within a year; or if she should refuse he will continue to gamble more wildly than ever with the Burden money, a course which means in the end death and a refuge from his insistent desire for the woman. "So then," the letter ends, "I stand reprieved—and the final verdict is in your hands." What that verdict was we can only hazard a guess.

—A. J. M. S.

An Anthology of College Yells

M. R. Kaufman

ANTHOLOGIES of verse, of prose so why not an anthology of college yells? No doubt some absurd fellow will arise and declaim this task as not worth the energy expended on it; that college yells are absolutely inartistic, anaesthetic and a constant danger to the tensile strength of the eardrum. To demolish the arguments of this absurd fellow a few examples picked at random will suffice.

These yells have both intrinsic and extrinsic value. What can serve to show better the high grade of intelligence and intellectual attainments of the collegian than these very cries with which he goads his team into action; with which he bolsters up his drooping spirits or with which he derides or praises his opponents.

Take this gem for instance:

Strum tiddle um dum
Strum tiddle um dum
Team, team, team.
Put 'em on the run
Strum tiddle um dum
Strum tiddle um dum
Bum Bum
Oozie oozie wa wa.

Of course, not being a linguist I cannot attempt to translate the foreign language in which some of this beautiful verse is written, but what can be more moving than the rhythm of this war cry. It sinks into one's very soul. An analysis of its content shows that it is full of meaning. Those pithy words in the last but one line by their very ambiguity express more than many an epigram by Shaw. The opposing team; a poor play; the very yell itself; a veritable study in expressionism.

Or the last line, although in a language unknown to me, a very clarion call to battle; oozie, oozie, wa, wa. What team can help but win when encouragement is expressed in such words.

I could rest my case on the above alone; but, to annihilate forever carping criticism only a few more examples and I am certain that Boni and Liveright will announce such an anthology in their mid-winter book list.

Take this stirring, albeit slow moving composition:

The cat's meow
The bee's knees
The flea's sneeze
That's College!

Notice the great significance of these various attributes. What can be more expressive than the flea's sneeze and the feline's meow. The cry needs but the sheep's skin and the metaphorical roundelay is perfect. In those few words you have the undergraduate's total estimate of his Alma Mater. Incidentally it may also be the opponent's opinion.

or

I diddy I di
Give the dog a bone
Hee Haw, Hee Haw
Haw, Haw.

To my mind the kindness of the undergraduate's heart can be expressed in no more appealing manner. Here we have him pleading en masse for somebody to feed a no doubt hapless dog. What can be more touching. The last two lines will strike any bystander as particularly appropriate.

One almost loses one's head over the following:

Give him the axe, the axe, etc;
Where?
Right in the neck, the neck, etc;
There.

Can anything show more conclusively that in spite of the high standard of civilization attained at the present day, there still lurks, even in

The Low-brow Arts

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and other old and new favorites. We learn, inter alia, that Mutt and Jeff were not always one and indivisible, but that in the beginning Mr. Mutt made his way alone. The historic meeting with Little Jeff, "a sacred moment in our cultural development", occurred just before one of Jim Jeffries' fights. As Mr. Mutt was passing the walls of an asylum a strange creature confided to the air that he himself was Jeffries. Mutt rescued the little gentleman and named him Jeff, and together they have graced the comic strip ever since.

But it is "Krazy Kat, the daily comic strip of George Herriman, which is" to Seldes, "the most amusing and fantastic and satisfactory work of art produced in America today." High praise, this, but Mr. Seldes seems to regard it as justified. To those of us who see in Krazy nothing but an occasional witticism or flash of fun, he points out the hidden treasure, the romantic plot, the metaphysical background, the philosophy and the sound common sense. Ignatz the Mouse, who is at once his enemy and his love, is the realist, but Krazy lives in a world of his own "subjecting the commonplace of actual life to the test of his higher logic. Does Ignatz say that 'the bird is on the wing,' Krazy suspects an error and after a careful scrutiny says that 'from risant observation I should say that the wing is on the bird.' Or Ignatz observes that Don Kiyote is still running. 'Wrong', says the magnificent Kat: 'he is either still or either running.' Ignatz passes with a bag containing, he says, bird-seed. 'Not that I doubt your word, Ignatz,' says Krazy, but could I give a look?' And he is astonished to find that it is bird-seed, after all, for he had all the time been thinking that birds grew from eggs. One fine day Krazy hears a lecture on the ectoplasm, how 'it soars into the limitless ether, to roam willy-nilly, unleashed, unfettered, and unbound.' This becomes for him; 'Just imagine having your ectoplasm running around, William and William, among the unlimited etha-golla, it's imbellivibit.'—Is this Art? It's delicious fooling anyway, and Mr. Seldes has done us a service by bringing it to our attention.

There is one real defect in the book which ought not to pass unnoticed. In his evident desire to do justice to the minor arts, he is less than just to the major ones. It is surely possible to speak well of Al Jolson without criticizing John Barrymore. We can enjoy popular music without insisting that "30 per cent of the music heard at the Metropolitan is trivial in comparison with good jazz." Such ridiculous comparisons tend to spoil an otherwise excellent book. Both the major and the minor arts have something valuable to offer us, and it is worth our while to turn our gaze in more than one direction. Mr. Seldes has shown us, however, where we can profitably look for a great deal of excellent entertainment.

the most sedate of rooters, a sadistic complex?

But why multiply examples? An anthology the contents of which the above are but a few minor examples would prove of great value; saving as it would, for posterity a definite phase of to-day's undergraduate thought and philosophy.

Had I but the time I would undertake this most pleasant task and thus take my place in the Hall of Fame but—I must hurry to a rooters' meeting. The suggestion is passed on gratis to anyone with a couple of hours to spare.